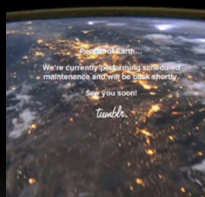




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## Something Out There



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### Chapter 1 by Azkadelya

I knew she would wake up screaming, so I gagged her. That probably terrified her more, but I needed her to be quiet, and if that meant muffling her screaming with torn off rags then so be it.

She woke slowly, blinking up at the ceiling before realizing where she was. She jerked up from the makeshift bed and tried to scurry away, but I had been tensed, waiting for her to wake, so I got to her before she could make it too far. I put my finger to my mouth and shushed at her, grabbing her arm to keep her next to me. I pushed my hand against her mouth, pressing the rags in further and making her gag.

Pressing my mouth up against her ear I hissed, "They'll hear you."

She quieted at that and I pulled away to look at her face. Her eyes were filled with tears and the gags were now soaked with spit, but she breathed slowly and carefully. I reached up to the gags and helped her take them all out, one by one. She gagged once more but we both ignored it.

When she was free I pulled over a plastic bucket full of water. It wasn't clean, but it was what we had. I whispered for her to drink. She did so, hesitantly at first, but then chugging down the

water. It was when she started spilling some from the side of her mouth that I pushed down the bottom of the bucket.

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at the door to make sure the paper was still over the glass window.

“What happened?” the girl asked. My gaze on the door lingered, checking it over and over, but finally tore my gaze away.

“I don’t know,” I shrugged. “What do you remember?”

She opened and closed her mouth, then rubbed at her eyes. The sleeve of her oversized sweatshirt fell and I saw her arm was wrapped with bandages. I turned away before she saw me looking.

“Where are we?” she whispered.

“I don’t know,” I said. “But we need to be quiet, because there is something out there.”

### Chapter 2 by the smiling man



She wanted to say something, but then we heard footsteps.

Really, really loud footsteps.

### Chapter 3 by the smiling man



It was not a human, absolutely not.

It was something much, much bigger.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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